The Sun.

SUNDAY, JUNE 13, 1880.

The regular circulation of THE SUN *for the week ending June 12, 1880, was:*

Sunday	129,749	Weekly	73,270
Monday	123,084	Thursday	123,083
Tuesday	125,964	Friday	128,002
Wednesday	128,190	Saturday	123,865
Total for the week			950,157

No Disposition to do Mr. Garfield Injustice.

There is so much heartfelt rejoicing at the defeat of GRANT and a third term that it has created a strong disposition to regard Gen. GARFIELD, the Republican candidate, in the most friendly light possible. People wish to think well of him if they can.

We do not differ with the majority on this point, but, on the contrary, are in full sympathy with this strong current of popular feeling. We should be glad to think that Mr. GARFIELD had not been concerned in improper and fraudulent transactions; we should be glad to think he had not taken bribes and committed perjury.

But the evidence, we are sorry to say, is so strong against him as to make belief in his innocence an impossibility. So, against our will, we have to believe him guilty.

The Insolence the Country Has Escaped.

Gen. GRANT himself, from the modest hero he once was, has been changed by the fawning and flattery of his followers into an arrogant and conceited man.

His son FRED is simply an inflated coxcomb, absolutely unbearable. He is the young man who declared that BLAINE had *no right* to come into Illinois to oppose his father!

Now, what should we have seen at the capital of the nation if GRANT could have been renominated and reëlected?

The most snobbish and the least American crowd ever collected on this continent.

Fortunately we are spared this humiliating and disgusting spectacle. We shall not be compelled to inhale any such pestiferous atmosphere!

The rejoicing over GRANT's defeat should last every true American his natural lifetime!

Garfield and Hayes—The Genuine Republican View.

All accounts from the South agree that the nomination of GARFIELD has fallen upon the Republicans of that section like a wet blanket. In North Carolina, where there are some intelligent and respectable Republicans, white as well as black, the party, according to our esteemed contemporary, the *Times*, is almost ready to disband. This remarkable condition of things is attributable not to the alleged fact that they knew GRANT and do not know GARFIELD, but it is because they know GARFIELD entirely too well. They are not, to be sure, troubled about his Credit Mobilier corruption, his connection with the District of Columbia Ring, or his shameful record as Chairman of the Appropriations Committee when he "held the purse strings of the nation" and opened the bag to public plunderers right and left. But they remember that GARFIELD was one of the most conspicuous engineers of the Great Fraud; that he stood next to HAYES, who betrayed the Southern Republicans even before he had taken the oath of office; that he was the principal spokesman at the WORMLEY conference, and that it was mainly through him, and by him, that the treaty was negotiated with the Southern Brigadiers for the completion of the fraudulent count on the one hand and the abandonment of the Republican party in the South on the other.

"If HAYES was elected, PACKARD was elected," said Mr. BLAINE in the Senate, denouncing the party treason of the Fraudulent Administration at a time when he could foresee no necessity for using GARFIELD to beat GRANT, as he has just done at Chicago. If HAYES was elected, CHAMBERLAIN also was elected. But GARFIELD and HAYES deliberately sacrificed the Republican State Governments of Louisiana and South Carolina, and coolly agreed to ignore the Republican party south of MASON and DIXON's line. The military supports of CHAMBERLAIN and PACKARD were withdrawn, and the negroes—for whom the morning after TILDEN's election HAYES insisted that his wooden heart was bleeding—were turned over to the tender mercies of the mythical bulldozer and the white leaguer, who had been made such bugbears in the campaign.

But this was not all. Mr. HAYES recognized no Republicans in the South except the deep-dyed criminals who had actively assisted in forging the false electoral certificates. In further pursuance of the bargain entered into by his Ohio representatives, the patronage of the Administration was largely distributed to Democrats of easy virtue in that section, and was even formally offered for sale in bulk—the proposition was made in a letter from the Postmaster-General—to the Confederates in consideration of their voting for this very man GARFIELD for Speaker.

All this was to a large extent the work of the present Republican nominee. All honest Republicans, and stalwart Republicans whether they be honest or not, justly detest HAYES, the double Fraud; and GARFIELD is but the shadow of HAYES.

Too Like Cant for an Honest Boy.

Perhaps WHITTAKER didn't cut his own ears and otherwise maltreat himself, though that he did was the conviction of the court which investigated his case. He may be a very much abused and very unjustly suspected youth.

But the letter he has written to Brother FULTON of Brooklyn proves him to be a snivelling sort of fellow, who would not be unlikely to practise such trickery as that of which he is accused. It has not a genuine and manly ring. It sounds too much like the whining of a religious impostor.

When a boy of the age of WHITTAKER, no matter what his color is, sits down and writes a letter like this, discerning men are likely to reach the conclusion that he is a fraud:

"WEST POINT, New York, June 2, 1880.

"DEAR DOCTOR: I read your letter with interest, and thank you for your noble, kind words. I suppose you have seen the report and opinion of the court. All is against me, but I bear it with all the courage that belongs to innocence and manhood, and while my heart feels crushed and bleeding I look to JESUS, who does all things well, and who will raise the dark cloud when He sees that I have borne enough. I shall put every moment in my studies, and keep cool and hide the sorrow of an injured heart beneath a smiling, meek face.

"Pray for me, and if there is any way in which you can aid me in these dark hours, feel that you help an entirely innocent man. How hard it seems when I know I have done no wrong! Yet all is the will of Him who says even now to me, 'I will never leave thee.' Gratefully,

"WHITTAKER."

Suppose an employer got a letter in that tone from one of his clerks, who had been suspected of misdoing, and into whose accounts he had been looking; wouldn't he get rid of the young man in disgust? However great his respect for religion, he wouldn't care to have a boy about who used piety in that way.

And yet Brother FULTON produces this letter of WHITTAKER's as evidence of his guiltlessness and to show what a pious boy he is!

Because his shade of color is a little different from theirs furnished no good reason for his schoolmates snubbing him. Putting him under a ban because he comes of a race which was long held in servitude was mean and contemptible. But as a canter, an odious creature always, and especially disgusting when he is a boy, his comrades at West Point might reasonably avoid his society.

It is not by such fellows as WHITTAKER, with an "injured heart beneath a smiling, meek face," that the colored race is going to be raised in the respect of men. Its best representatives are made of more genuine stuff.

Whether he gets through West Point or not, WHITTAKER can never amount to anything as a man.

Shall we Have an American Language?

One of the most interesting and pregnant of literary questions turns on the possibility of a distinctly American language. The late Mr. MOTLEY did not hesitate to express his conviction that such a thing was not only practicable and desirable, but in the nature of things inevitable. We observe, however, that a contrary view is taken by Mr. LOUNSBURY, who contributes a second valuable discussion of the subject to the current number of the *International Review*. It seems to us that the data collected by the latter gentleman, when carefully analyzed and weighed, point to a precisely opposite conclusion to that at which he has arrived.

It will save time to confine ourselves to the literary language, since any arguments for independent American canons of good use in this direction will bear with augmented force on the mooted propriety of divergence in our colloquial idiom. And first let us note the considerations which Mr. LOUNSBURY concedes favor the creation of a distinct American standard. He admits that the relatively archaic character of our spoken tongue has reacted, to a slight extent, upon our literary medium, and it is clear that this influence, whether we choose to call it slight or material, must continue so long as our writers have almost exclusively an American audience in view. If a novelist, for instance, brings an American gentleman on the stage, he must put into his mouth such idioms as the mass of our well-bred people habitually use, and not make him talk, as Mr. JAMES is too fond of doing, like a finical, self-scrutinizing, emasculated Anglo-maniac. So, too, a writer on political and social questions of immediate and vital import must have his eye not on some imaginary London critic, but upon the American public, which he hopes to convince or persuade—upon those readers of native Yankee stock for whom the tricks of modern English phrase, being strange, would distract the attention from the thought to the mere vehicle of expression. After all, it is not the nice employment of words, but the large command of ideas, which is the matter of prime moment, and the happy discovery of the term precisely fitted to paint a fine shade of thought is a thing of far more consequence than the question of that term's recognition by this or that English reviewer. Indeed, English critics have been prompt to acknowledge the superiority of our idiomatic and unconventional writers over the painstaking students not unknown among us of a correct and classic style. The unquestionable preëminence which BRET HARTE has attained in British opinion, whether compared with IRVING and CURTIS or with HOWELLS and JAMES, is due, in no small measure, to the fact that the freshness of his scenes and the novelty of his types are projected and accented by new verbal pigments.

It is further admitted by Mr. LOUNSBURY that the adoption of new phrases and of new meanings for old terms must needs result from the characteristic features of our political, social, and economical situation. The structure of society, the forms of government, the range and variety of natural resources and of industrial activities in the United States, present a wide divergence from the state of things in England, which will inevitably impress itself on the language which interprets the specific wants and thoughts of our community. The difference in environment will be more and more sharply marked and reflected in the medium of expression as the nation is developed and the dynamic factors of our civilization are brought into full play. The process, no doubt, is gradual, and may be temporarily retarded by artificial friction, but it will gather, as time goes on, an irresistible momentum. Given the difference of conditions which exists between England and this country, and the evolution of distinct dialects obeying independent canons and invested with equal authority—differing, in short, as Doric differed from Ionic Greek—can, in the judgment of many persons, be only a question of time.

To what extent can the process of differentiation be arrested through the species of friction exercised by the adhesion of highly cultivated Americans to an English standard? We incline to think that such a restraining influence would, at best, be only partial and transient; Mr. LOUNSBURY, on the other hand, believes it would be lasting and decisive. His conclusion, it seems to us, is based on extremely inadequate data. He affirms that the separatist tendencies are more than counterbalanced by the action and reaction of a common literature, and especially by the facilities of modern communication, which have made, he says, the peculiarities of expression prevailing among one people familiar not alone to the eyes, but to the ears, of the other. Now, as a matter of fact, a very insignificant fraction of educated Americans have time or means to travel in Europe, and among those who cross the Atlantic, not one in a hundred sees anything of English society, or has an opportunity of acquiring its distinctive idioms. It is true that American buyers of English novels may, perhaps, be reckoned by hundreds of thousands; but does any one seriously suppose that the perusal of these books has the slightest permanent effect on the language used by their readers in everyday talk or in private letters? Of course it is a current jest that a few young ladies in our seaboard cities and some ambitious undergraduates in Eastern colleges concentrate their intellects on a pale reproduction of the idioms and tricks of phrase noted in English dialogue; but their efforts have not, thus far, provoked any widespread applause or imitation. The vast majority of our well-bred and educated people persist in speaking and writing, not a language which somebody asserts is the best English, but a language which they know to be the best American.

Our independence in this respect, far from showing signs of relaxation, has been signally strengthened during the present century, and especially within the past twenty years. Mr. LOUNSBURY is alive to this fact, but he omits, strangely enough, to recognize its obvious bearing on the ultimate establishment of an American standard. He points out that a habit of intellectual dependence survived the Revolution, and was manifested in the painful, flabby propriety which marked the works of some of our early and most highly esteemed authors. He can see that this literary subservience was shattered by our great civil war, which developed the sinews of the national character, and effectually broke the illegitimate sway of foreign opinion. Up to that date it was taken for granted by cultivated men in this country that the use of an Americanism was *ipso facto* improper, and the judgment of an anonymous English critic on a question of language would outweigh the decision of far more competent arbiters on this side of the Atlantic. That state of things has passed away, and with its disappearance vanished the most powerful agency arrayed against the formation of an American standard of correctness in language.

A Library Without Novels.

The *New York Observer*, a well-known religious newspaper published in this city, recently printed an article about a free library at Germantown. It declared that this institution deserved to be imitated throughout the world, and spoke of it as a gem in the crown of the religious society by which it is conducted. This strong commendation is due to the fact that the library contains no works of fiction. Even magazines which publish novels or serial stories are rigorously excluded.

On the same page of the *New York Observer* we find an article on divorces in New England. In this article the writer repeatedly mentions that form of marital infidelity which is the most frequent cause of divorce. The word is used even when wholly unnecessary to clearness or accuracy.

In the last paragraph we are told that the question of all others which stares us in the face is: "How can we keep family life pure and simple?"

We would suggest that purity and simplicity in family life will hardly be promoted by preventing young people from reading "Robinson Crusoe," and DICKENS, and CHARLES KINGSLEY, and Sir WALTER SCOTT, while the presence of the religious newspaper in the household encourages them to read articles on the causes of divorce.

New Facts on Color Blindness.

The true nature and extent of the visual defect which leads to the confounding of colors so distinct as red and green, has of late engaged a great deal of attention in Europe and America. The most interesting contribution to this discussion is furnished by Mr. WILLIAM POLE, who is himself color blind, but who, in spite of that drawback, has won a distinguished place among English painters, and is, in fact, a Fellow of the Royal Society.

This peculiar disability of the eyes is known, we need not say, as Daltonism, so called from the discoverer of the atomic theory, who himself suffered from the affection, and was one of the first to draw attention to it. The results of his researches into the defects of his own vision were submitted to Sir JOHN HERSCHEL, and communicated by him to Mr. POLE, by whom they are now, for the first time, published. Comparing these data with his own sensations, Mr. POLE arrives at some precise and important conclusions regarding the cause, the symptoms, and the dangers of color blindness. He found, in the first place, that a person afflicted like himself with true Daltonism has only two sensations of color in the proper sense of that word. One of these sensations is excited most strongly by rays which normal-eyed people call yellow; the other by rays which the world call blue. But their powers of vision do not end here. They are able to distinguish great varieties in the intensity or degree of saturation of the two colors themselves. They have, too, a white and a black as prominent and distinct to them as the surfaces known by those names are to persons of perfect visual capacity. Moreover, the sufferer from color blindness is quite able to appreciate the innumerable gradations of shade caused by the mixture of white and black in the different proportions, forming a series of shades of gray, as well as the diverse tints of yellow and blue produced by a combination of gray with either of those two colors.

Undoubtedly the vision of the color blind, as thus defined, is of limited compass as compared with that of ordinary people. It does not follow, however, because red and green are not appreciable by their normal sensations, that even these chromatic effects are undistinguishable. These colors produce on the defective eye sensations which are false certainly, but which are often distinct from each other. Most of the reds, for instance, verging toward scarlet, give to the color-blind eye a perception of dark or shaded yellow; but if the red be a more pink or crimson hue, it may appear simply gray, or even a dark or shaded blue. An equally great diversity of sensations may be caused by green, according to the different shades of that color. Yellow greens, for example, are seen as yellow brown, neutral greens as gray, and blue greens as dark blue. Unquestionably, a red and a green might be selected that would both present to the color blind the same tint of yellow, but such identity would not be likely to occur with sufficient frequency to occasion serious difficulties in practical life.

It is now generally acknowledged that true color blindness involves not merely a defect in the degree of sensations, but a totally different kind of visual perception. It is quite a mistake to regard it as only a functional derangement, due to accidental causes and susceptible of remedy. Competent investigators now agree in ascribing it to some congenital fault in organic structure or organic action, incapable of cure or even of amelioration. Just what is the anatomical or physiological source of the natural fault is still a subject of discussion. DALTON himself supposed that one of the humors of his eyes was a colored medium, and after his death a dissection of the organ was made to test his theory, but the three humors proved to be in a perfectly normal condition. The fact is that all the explanations so far given by physiologists are bound up more or less with their general theories of light and color perception, and at present these theories themselves are in an unsettled state. As to the practical effects of color blindness, Mr. POLE thinks that the incompetency of persons suffering from Daltonism to follow certain vocations has been much exaggerated. He considers it remarkable how well those laboring under this disadvantage have contrived to get on, not only in the pictorial arts, but in many scientific, industrial, and commercial occupations. In chemistry, for example, the power to discriminate colors is accounted an important factor of observation, yet DALTON was a great chemist. Again, most people would laugh at the notion of a person afflicted with color blindness undertaking to make or judge of a color drawing; yet Mr. POLE achieved no small success in this direction before he even suspected his own natural deficiencies. As to the peril supposed to be involved in the employment of color-blind persons on railroads or on shipboard, where colored signals are employed, Mr. POLE insists that this exists mainly in the imagination of the alarmists. He points out that, for many years, every casualty occurring in Great Britain has been carefully investigated by a Government Board, yet never, in a single instance, since railways have been in use, has an accident been traced to the mistaking of a red for a green night signal. Mr. POLE thinks the whole agitation has arisen from the difficulty normal-eyed inquirers experience in understanding just what the color blind really see. He assures us, from his own experience, that although red and green lights do not give him true red and green sensations, yet they are strongly contrasted, and therefore he and other Daltonists run no appreciable risk of mistaking one for the other. On the whole, he thinks the alarm on this subject has been unjustifiably magnified, though he would not, of course, deny a possibility of danger under certain circumstances, or discourage reasonable precautions in the selection of men for certain duties.

"That's What Killed Him."

"That's what killed him," said Mayor STOKLEY of Philadelphia, referring to the anti-third-term feeling against Gen. GRANT.

That is true. Mayor STOKLEY is right. It was the anti-third-term feeling that defeated Gen. GRANT at Chicago.

And it is very important that this fact should be universally understood, and that it should become firmly fixed in the public mind.

There was no lack of other objections to Gen. GRANT. They were numerous and powerful. But as this objection was conclusive and fatal, there seemed but little occasion for discussing the others.

And it may as well be understood at once and forever that the third-term question has been intelligently, deliberately, and finally settled. No man can be President of the United States more than eight years. The first step toward an empire will not be taken.

Viewing it in this light, we consider the defeat of GRANT one of FREEDOM's greatest triumphs.

On Friday night, a little before midnight, in a thick sea fog, a Sound steamboat ran into another Sound steamboat. This second boat had some three hundred passengers on board at the time, many of them asleep in their staterooms or berths. Reeling from the shock, with a gaping wound in her side, she began to fill and sink. To add to the horror of the thing, fire broke out. Those of the passengers who reached the decks, but did not succeed in getting into the boats, had no choice but to throw themselves into the water.

How many passengers were drowned or burned to death is not yet certainly known. There is reason to hope that the number may turn out to be much below the estimates, or rather guesses, current yesterday afternoon.

The survivors differ as to the behavior of the officers of the two vessels, the sinker and the sunken, and the discipline of their crews. It is to be remembered that these survivors were greatly excited at the time, and had not recovered from this excitement when they told their stories yesterday.

If it is true that the life-boats of the two steamers, or of either of them, were unplugged and therefore unfit for use; that the steamboat hands did not know how to manage them; that the officers of the Stonington lost their heads, and were not so prompt as they should have been in beginning the work of rescue; that the Captain of the Narragansett was among the first to jump into a boat, leaving women and children behind him to perish in the flames or the waves—if all or any of these things are true, it is important that the truth should be brought out.

But until it is brought out by a searching investigation, give these men thus incriminated the benefit of that presumption of innocence to which every man is entitled until his guilt is proved.

In to-day's SUN, tenement house life in New York is described, as it has never been before, by a thoroughly competent and trustworthy reporter, who has made himself a part of that life for weeks in order to study it from the inside. Many facts in this account will astonish that other half of New York which is fortunate enough not to live in tenements.

We have a letter from a young man who wants to go to West Point. His handwriting is deplorable, and his spelling is little better.

We advise this young man to put West Point out of his thoughts, to work away at his books, to learn a trade presently, and to be content with growing up a useful man and a good citizen. That is a great deal better than yawning one's head off in the dull imprisonment of a frontier post or dancing the German at Washington; and besides, it is wholly within the young man's power. Even if he were to succeed in getting an appointment to the Military Academy, and in passing the easy entrance examination, about which we have our doubts, the chances are both he and his instructors would speedily discover that the course of studies at the Point was too severe for him.

A Baptist preacher will free his mind this morning about "Sunday Desecrations;" a Presbyterian preacher will discuss "Prayer and Politics;" a Methodist preacher will attempt to explain "The Supreme Motive of JUDAS ISCARIOT;" another Methodist preacher will present a third installment of reasons for believing in "The Existence of GOD;" a Unitarian preacher will hold up "A Grand Old Heathen" for Christian admiration and imitation; and an independent preacher, who has just been snubbed by the Presbytery, will contrast "The Spirit of Exclusivism and the Spirit of CHRIST."

The Death of Mr. Opdyke.

We learn with profound sorrow that the Hon. Geo. Opdyke died in this city yesterday morning. He was 75 years old, and, though naturally active and vigorous, for some time past he had seemed to be growing infirm; and now his earthly career is ended. He was a man of powerful and acute intelligence, a student of many books, and a philosopher of penetrating and comprehensive ratiocination. Though devoted throughout his life to the pursuits of business, few men are so well acquainted as he was with the principles and doctrines of political economy; and he wrote upon this science a manual that has had many readers. He was uniformly successful as a business man; but the great crash of 1873 caught him, and from being the possessor of a large fortune his resources became seriously impaired. Since then, however, his talent and pertinacity have reëstablished his prosperity, so that he leaves behind him a very handsome estate.

Mr. Opdyke was originally a Free Soil Democrat, and as such took part in the revolt against the nomination of Gen. Cass in 1848, and became a member of the Buffalo Convention, which nominated Van Buren and Adams. On the formation of the Republican party he attached himself to it, and remained a Republican until his death. As such he was elected Mayor of this city in 1861, and served during the most critical period of the civil war, including the time of the draft riots. His administration was judicious and successful, and when he left office public opinion was unanimous in commending it.

After that he was a member of the Convention of 1867 to revise the Constitution, and since then he held no public office, though he uniformly supported the policy and the candidates of the Republican party. He leaves a widow and several children, two or three of his sons having of late years been his partners in business.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN EUROPE.

What with the decline of commerce and the recent failure of the crops, heads of families find the incomes on which their grandfathers lived comfortably hardly large enough to enable them to make both ends meet, and are asking, Is the cost of living in England increasing, or the contrary? House rent in the fashionable part of London has, no doubt, largely increased, but in the suburbs it is still very moderate, and the old difficulty and expense of getting into town from any long distance are reduced to a mere nothing by the improved methods of travelling. Since the stigma of being thought "fast" if seen in a hansom cab has been removed, ladies can now pass from shop to shop very cheaply. A few years ago it was absolutely necessary to keep a carriage, a pair of horses, a coachman, and a footman: this cost about $3,000 a year. With the present system of "jobbing"—that is, paying a livery stable keeper a certain sum a week to provide the whole outfit whenever he may be called upon to do so—the expense is reduced more than one-half. Besides, there is no locking up of capital in the original purchase, and no worry about the care of the horses. If one goes out of town the hiring ceases, and one is not troubled in mind, as formerly, by thoughts of the animals left behind and eating their heads off in the stables, or perhaps suffering from neglect.

There is no doubt, either, that men's clothing is cheaper. Men no longer need ruffles, lace, wigs, and swords, nor is a jewelled snuff box a necessary part of the beau's outfit. The dress of the fair sex is also decidedly cheaper than in the days of George IV., for, though the very best silks and satins are more costly now than then, the imitations of the best qualities of goods are so perfect and so cheap that a comparatively poor woman may vie with a duchess in appearance, and no one except her milliner be the wiser. The same remarks apply to jewelry.

Coming to the necessaries of life, we find bread and vegetables cheaper than they were. Meat is nearly treble its former price, but fish is much less expensive and of better quality. With the establishment of the meat trade between England, on the one hand and America and Australia on the other, the price of beef and mutton seems likely to be considerably reduced. Fuel has risen in value, but with the introduction of the improved stoves and grates so much less of it is used that it is practically much cheaper than it used to be. Taking it all in all, then, we conclude that the present generation have a decided advantage over their ancestors in point of expenses; and if they would only consent to live as the latter did, less for show and more for comfort, there would be little reason for the present outcry about hard times.

In both France and England the racing season is at its height. The meetings at Chantilly have brought out the best of the French three-year olds to compete for the Prix du Jockey Club and the Prix de Diane, which correspond to the Derby and Oaks at Epsom. The Grand Prix has also been run for and won by an English horse, Robert the Devil. At Ascot the fields have been large and the racing excellent. The meeting at Chantilly might more properly be compared with those at Newmarket or Goodwood than with the races at Epsom, the distance from Paris and London preventing the assembling of such crowds as pour out to the Bois and the Downs. The foreign element at both Chantilly and Newmarket is conspicuous by its absence. Only the richest sportsmen of France care to face the discomforts of crossing the Channel, and, the two principal races at Chantilly being exclusively for French horses, Englishmen have no interest in being present at them. The case is different with the Grand Prix. The race is open to all comers, and the money value of the stakes is very large. Thanks to the French Jockey Club, French racing is improving every year, and England will soon have to confess that "they manage these things better in France," even in respect of the British national sports. Handicaps, those encouragers of chicanery, are more and more looked down upon, and weight-for-age races are steadily increasing in favor. Two-year-old racing is forbidden till the month of August, by which time the youngsters have nearly reached their three-year-old form. The consequence is that the French racer is steadily improving, as the English find out to their cost in the long distance races.

The French Jockey Club has done its best to put down, in the neighborhood of Paris, those abominations known in London as "suburban meetings," which are merely gotten up by the owners of race tracks for the sake of the gate money. When we consider the order with which a Parisian non-political crowd behave, it is not surprising that the French do not care to visit the Derby. In the first place, the ordinary Frenchman is very uncomfortable in London. Somehow he always manages to go to an awful hotel, where he is at once looked upon as a refugee from justice, and treated accordingly. He can never discover any amusement worthy of the name in the neighborhood, and fears to go far, lest he should lose his way, in which event his ignorance of English would make it difficult for him to find it again.

The opening of the annual race meeting at Lamarche affords an opportunity to the Paris *Gaulois* to utter a jeremiad over the past glories of that well-known Park. Twenty-five years ago Gallifet and his friends, who were the leaders of what the newspapers now call high life, gave tone to the sport, which, however, was very different from what it is now. There were not the numerous candidates for prizes we see to-day. At that time two well-known racers, L'Africain and the Colonel, between them, provided the whole day's sport. It is true that to eke out a fair list of entries and give the appearance of a struggle the management was in the habit of hiring, for a hundred francs or so from Charles Roost, a dozen steeds, whose duties were similar to those of stage soldiers. They started well when the flag dropped, jumped over a hurdle or so, and left the field on a signal given by the leader of the file. The growth of the course was slow, yet fame was won thereon by some of the best names of France, either as owners or gentlemen-riders. It was here that the Duke of Hamilton rode two races on the same day, and lost them both—the first on Grisette, against Fille de l'Air, ridden by Prince Achille Murat; the second on Newry, against Mastrillo, mounted by the Comte d'Evry. Both races are still well remembered.

At Vincennes there is another aristocratic racecourse. M. Lefèvre, who sold all his horses to the Lagrange stable some years ago, made his entrée on the turf by winning three races with Beauminet, the same horse that ran fourth at Newmarket in the two thousand guneas this year. The result of these victories has been a tremendous fête at Chamant, a little village near Senlis, where M. Lefèvre's racing stables are situated. He has made these stables the best in France for training purposes, and is reported to have $300,000 invested at the present moment in brood mares alone.

Another immense hotel, the Grand, has been opened in London. It is in Trafalgar square, on the site of old Northumberland House. The arrangement of the building does away with that semi-obscurity which generally prevails in English buildings of this character, while a too free intrusion of sunlight has been guarded against by stained glass windows, a needless precaution, one would think, in the city of fogs and smoke. The interior decorations are in the Italian style. The walls and staircases are of colored marbles. The great dining room will seat 300 guests, while there is a smaller one for transients. On the ground floor there is a large bar and a reading and reception room, the walls of which are lined with American walnut wood. On the first floor is a ladies' drawing room, the walls of which are decorated with a dado of black and gold, surmounted with green silk damask. The ceiling is full of golden stars, and the fireplace is adorned with *plaques*. On this floor is the writing room, elegantly fitted up. The prices for rooms per day vary from about 75 cents for a bedroom to $20 for a suite. The dinner, including ices and dessert, costs $1.25. There is also a bureau at which seats in all places of amusement can be secured. This should be of interest to people going abroad.

The Duke of Edinburgh has been taking a holiday from the fatigues of distributing relief to the starving people on the west coast of Ireland, and indulging his love of music by playing violin obligatos to Marie Rose's singing at the Royal Albert Hall. The Duke is only a fair amateur performer, and when he used to play with professional orchestras the conductor was careful to seat his Royal Highness between two very steady old players, who had instructions to bring their most powerful instruments and play as loud as they could in order to drown the Duke's false notes.

Arthur Sullivan's wonderful pupil, a son of D'Albert, the writer of dance music, played before the Queen lately. Young D'Albert is a mere child, but his playing astonished her Majesty, who is a very good judge of music.

The promised rival of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has appeared, and bids fair to succeed. The new paper is known as the *St. James's Gazette*, and is under the management of Mr. Frederick Greenwood, who made the *Pall Mall* what it is, and left it because of a disagreement with its proprietors, who contemplated abandoning the old policy of radical independence in politics. The *St. James's* declares its intention to associate itself with no party, but to be independent in its criticism, and to serve the public by exposing those "conspiracies of silence" which Liberals and Conservatives sometimes enter into. It declares itself, however, opposed to advanced Liberalism and Communism, which it likens to the American weed that is filling up the English canals and rivers. In literature and art its conductors say they will not encourage the "fantastic egotisms and the obtrusive insincerities of which there is too much in these days."

The death of Mr. John Hamilton Fyfe, formerly assistant editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and more recently sub-editor of the *Saturday Review*, is announced. Mr. Fyfe's exertions on the former paper destroyed his constitution, and brought about his death in the height of his usefulness.

The London Stock Exchange has been in a state of disquietude. There has not been any panic, but a sort of presentiment as of something unfavorable about to happen has made both speculators and brokers distrustful and restless. This feeling culminated on the receipt of the news of the failure of Reading. The cable reports that checks to the amount of $1,000,000 given to meet the obligations of "settling day" have been dishonored.

The statue in memory of Lord Byron was unveiled in Hamilton Gardens, London, on the 24th of last month. Only a small party were present, including Earl Stanhope, Lord Shute, Lord Dorchester, and Mr. F. Locker. The ceremony was performed by Lord Houghton. The statue is in an unfinished condition, the Greek Government not having yet fulfilled their promise to contribute a marble pedestal to do honor to the memory of the man who did so much for their country. The sculptor has represented Byron in a sitting posture, with the manuscript of "Childe Harold" on his knee. At his master's feet crouches Byron's famous Newfoundland dog, Boatswain. If reports are true, London has at last a public work of art worthy of the name, as the statue is thought to be Mr. R. C. Belt's masterpiece.

Another statue to another poet has lately been unveiled, this time near Paris, at Ville d'Avran. Corot ("Papa Corot," the inhabitants of the little town love to call him) is now perpetuated in marble by the skilful hand of M. Geoffroy-Deschaumes. A large gathering was present at the ceremony, including Gambetta, Edmond Turquet, François, Coppée, Bourjot, and Mlle. Baretta.

The rooms in the Palace of Versailles that were fitted up for the Chamber of Deputies and Senate are to be restored to their original condition and thrown open to the public. The question as to the position of the apartment of Madame de Maintenon, the place where Louis XIV. used to work with his ministers, and where the fate of France was decided during thirty-five years, is still unsettled. The great changes made in the palace, fifty years ago, by the installation of the National Museum make it very difficult now to point out exactly where the royal mistress's apartment was situated. In any case, the widow of Scarron occupied very small quarters; her bedroom was a little closet that no modern chambermaid would put up with. It must be remembered that in the Palace of Versailles all was given up to ostentation and show, to such an extent that Louis XV. built the small apartments now existing, where he lived a much more comfortable life than his grandfather. The bedroom of the Grand Monarque was of the same character as that of his mistress. The gilded room which is now shown to the public is the one in which he died, but he lived there only during the last years of his life. His real little room, which he liked because his father Louis XIII. had lived in it, was a portion of the room called la chambre de l'Œil de Bœuf, which was then divided in two. The room where the portraits of the Kings of France are now exhibited, and which is situated below the Œil de Bœuf, was occupied by the Grand Master of Louis XIII.'s household. At the southwest end of this room is a small concealed staircase leading to the King's bedroom above. It was by that staircase that Cardinal de Richelieu made his theatrical appearance in Louis XIII.'s room, when, instead of ordering him off as at the Luxembourg he had promised his mother to do, the King requested him to remain his Minister, to the great disgust of the personages collected there to see the disgrace of Son Eminence Rouge.

M. B. Raspail has introduced into the Chamber of Deputies a bill for depriving the Catholic religion of the Pantheon as a place of worship, and reapplying it to the purpose set forth by the Constituent Assembly in 1791; and it is asserted by a French newspaper that the proposition was favorably received. This old Parisian monument has a strange history. It has been constantly changing from a religious to a secular building, being distinguished in the former character by a large gilt cross surmounting it. The last time this religious emblem was removed was during the Commune. In April, 1871, a Garibaldian climbed the dome of the Pantheon in the presence of the municipal authorities of the Fifth Arrondissement and, amid salvos of artillery and music, knocked off the gilt cross and replaced it with the red flag.

Sarah Bernhardt has gone to London and has begun her engagement at the Gaiety Theatre. The circumstances under which she arrived there, as the heroine of an adventure and the victim of a conspiracy, gained for her an additional sympathy. The success of the cast of the Théâtre Français at the Gaiety last year appears to have whetted the appetites of the English nobility for more of the same sort, for the bookings and the excitement over seats and boxes this year exceed even the enthusiastic rush of last year. The pieces in which Sarah Bernhardt will appear at the Gaiety are "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "Frou-Frou," "Phèdre," "Les Enfants d'Edouard," "Jean-Marie," "Ruy Blas," "L'Etrangère," "Mademoiselle de la Seiglière," "Tartuffe," and "L'Aventurière." Her sister, Jeanne Bernhardt, will also play in several pieces. Madame Céline Chaumont's first appearance will be on July 5, in "Madame Attend Monsieur," with the songs, "La Première Feuille" and "La Bonne Année." Any one who has heard her sing them, or "*Si tu veux faisons un rêve*," will understand why they are as delightful to-day as ten years ago, when she first sang them in London. N. L. T.

Very Remarkable Indeed.

From the Chicago Times.

It is not a little remarkable that of all the Republican newspapers who have come to the front with glowing eulogies of the candidate, not one has undertaken his defence against the allegations made against him in connection with the Credit Mobilier Ring, the Sanborn contracts, the De Golyer contracts, and the back-pay grab.

Maud S. and Santa Claus.

The negotiations concerning a series of trots between Vanderbilt's Maud S. and Finnigan's Santa Claus have at last fallen through. Capt. Stone, the handler of Maud S., having made a formal withdrawal of his challenge to trot the mare against any six-year old or under. The Captain announces that he will start the mare in the circuit, however, in order to get her used to company and in good condition. When ready to do her best he will try to make a fast record.

SUNBEAMS.

—The American Baptist Missionary Union is about to begin work in Liberia.

—In Dublin a tract distributor has been fined £1 for handing to a Catholic priest a tract containing an invitation to "a friendly discussion."

—Talmage's church has now the largest membership of any Presbyterian church on this continent. Since last Sunday the roll foots up 2,061.

—The Rev. Dr. Ganse declines his call to Buffalo, preferring to stay in St. Louis, where his congregation talk of building him a new church in the more fashionable part of the city.

—The Methodist missions in India call for a style of worker rather difficult to find in great numbers. The call is for "500 Methodist preachers filled with the Holy Ghost and fearing nothing but sin."

—The least enviable of all ecclesiastical positions is said to be that of a Methodist minister who is sent to a church which dislikes him, and which has vainly been endeavoring to secure some other man.

—The Christians of New Hebrides owed a bill for Bibles which had been furnished them in their own language. They remitted to the London Bible Society 3,700 pounds of arrow-root, which was accepted in settlement by the society.

—The Rev. Dr. Hoyt of Nashville, who was Moderator of the Southern Presbyterian Church, was for some years President of the New York Gold Room. A man who can preside over such a lot of unruly spirits as he had to keep in order ought to find no difficulty in restraining the mild-mannered Presbyterians.

—The *Christian Intelligencer* boldly accuses the Rev. Henry Morgan of Boston of issuing a book which is so immoral that it ought not to be carried in the mails. It purports to be an exhibit of the iniquities of Boston and of the Roman Catholic confessional. The paper says of this work: "It is one of the most unclean and corrupting publications we have ever seen."

—The new Methodist Bishop Warren was warmly greeted by the Methodists of Philadelphia, on Friday evening, on his return from a prolonged trip in the South. The reception took place in the Spring Garden Church, of which Dr. Warren was pastor previous to his elevation to the Bishopric. One of the features was that the Rev. Mr. Long made a short address.

—The First Reformed Protestant Dutch Church of Schenectady will begin next Sunday to hold its 200th anniversary services. These services will continue for several days, and will include a reunion of all the ex-pastors of the church who are now living, and as many of the old members as can be found. A pleasant feature of the occasion will be the services in the Low Dutch language, on Sunday afternoon. These will be as nearly as possible a reproduction of the services which were used in the year 1680 by the Hollanders who established the church. A list of the early pewholders, with the amount of rent they paid, is soon to be published in book form.

—The Protestant Episcopal Church at Huntington, Conn., is said to be enjoying the services of the Rev. J. Chauncey Lindsley. The church is not as well endowed as Trinity of this city, and therefore Mr. Lindsley has to do more varieties of religious work than the rector of Trinity. It is a happy thing that the Huntington rector is a man of considerable versatility of talent, for at the last accounts he was busy in the exercise of a diversity of gifts. In addition to preaching, he rings the bell, plays the organ, leads the singing, performs the duties of sexton, and in winter cuts wood for the fires. The congregation think of asking him to assume the superintendency of the Sunday school, just to keep him from spending his spare time in indolence.

—The Rev. Mr. Nesbitt, of Lockhaven, Pa., has such a wonderful memory that on a recent Sunday evening, instead of preaching a sermon, he recited, without looking at the book, the whole of the Shorter Catechism. The congregation were both astounded and edified. There are very few people living who can recite this wonderful composition from end to end. Sunday school children, incited by promise of premiums, have tried to commit it to memory so as to say it in the way Brother Nesbitt did, but have failed, and died of brain fever in consequence of the attempt. Mr. Nesbitt took for his text: "Hold fast the form of sound words." It would be safe to offer a handsome premium to any minister who should be able, next Sunday, to repeat the 107 questions and answers which compose this catechism.

—The minister who stepped into a circus ring to marry a couple of the performers has been considerably and severely criticised. Some of his critics are especially indignant that the clown, dressed in his professional costume, should have been the first to salute the bride with a kiss. It is difficult, however, to see how this could have been avoided by the officiating clergyman, unless he had himself adroitly got ahead of the clown by offering the first osculatory salutation. The critics have launched quite as severe denunciations on the Methodist Conference for ordaining its Bishops on the stage of a playhouse. Some of them think it was quite as irreverent and unbecoming as the circus wedding. To some Methodists the ceremony of ordination or consecration is an offence, as they think it savors too much of ritualism, and tends toward the establishment of an unwarranted order in the ministry. In response to this criticism the advocates of the ceremony contend that the consecration or ordination of the Bishops confers no special grace on them, and does not establish them as a separate order of ministers, as in the Protestant Episcopal Church. They hold that it is merely "a wholesome custom," and by no means a necessity. The critics reply that, if it is nothing more than this, it might as well be abolished.

—"After the Resurrection" is the subject of to-day's international Sunday school lesson, which is found in Matthew, xxviii., 8-20. Jesus had been buried in the new sepulchre of Joseph of Arimathea. The location of this sepulchre has been the subject of much discussion. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is supposed by some to be erected over the exact place. But modern investigators consider this an error. It was on Friday evening that the burial took place. On the morning of the First Day of the Week, which is our present Sunday, and not the Jewish Sabbath, the disciples who went to view the grave found that Jesus had risen. The stone was rolled away, and the guard of Roman soldiers demoralized. The resurrection immediately revived the discouraged spirits of the followers of Jesus. He appeared personally to His disciples, and continued on the earth for forty days, during which time He was repeatedly seen by them. The charge given to them by Him in the verses of to-day's lesson is that which has been accepted by the Christian Church as its great missionary commission. His power and His presence were promised in connection with genuine evangelical work, to the end of the world. Although the resurrection has been denied by some and explained by others as merely figurative and illustrative, the actual fact is vouched for as plainly as any other fact in history. It is a cardinal doctrine of Christian faith and life firmly held by almost every denomination. The spiritual teaching of the lesson is that as Jesus died and rose from the dead, so they who believe in Him shall in like manner die and rise again.

—Among the various bodies of differing shades of Presbyterian faith there are some who are firmly persuaded that it is wicked to sing hymns of human composition. They regard the Psalms as inspired, and, therefore, the only correct things to sing. So violent are they in their adhesion to this belief that they unchurch all who do not think as they do. They refuse to commune even with Presbyterians of other shades of belief who sing other compositions. The fact that there is not a particle of Scripture warrant for their exclusiveness in this respect makes no difference. Nor do they stop at the fact that most of the versions which they sing, being painfully literal versifications of the Psalms found in the Old Testament, are uncouth to sing and unmusical to listen to. A strange and inconvenient consequence of this state of affairs now presents itself as an element of discord regarding the great Presbyterian Council which is to meet at Philadelphia next September. The Psalm-singing brethren declare that they will not meet with the others unless their pet Psalms shall be used to the exclusion of all other metrical material. To this the others reply that they are willing to accommodate these brethren by having some of their versions of Psalms printed with the hymns which are to be sung. This greatly incenses the advocates of exclusive Psalms. They say that if their Church goes into a council with a praise book composed of both Psalms and human hymns she thereby acknowledges that they stand on an equality. If these brethren cannot have their way they will stay away from the Council. They have made this threat in their official organ. The brethren on the other side can afford to be just as decided. The only hope for a compromise is to have no singing at all.

—The Robert Raikes centennial Sunday school celebration is now beginning to attract delegates from all over the world. It will hold its meetings in London, beginning two weeks from to-day and continuing until Sunday, the 4th of July. After that a series of meetings will be held in different parts of England, beginning at Gloucester, where good old Robert Raikes gathered vagrant children from the streets and had them taught by paid teachers. Mr. Raikes was a printer, and the publisher of a newspaper. He was a pleasant and benevolent man, and wore, when on duty in his Sunday school work, a blue coat, a buff waistcoat, drab kerseymere knee breeches, white stockings, and large shoe buckles. His first Sunday school effort was in the summer of 1780. One of the chief aims of his schools was to rescue the children from vagabondage. Another was to teach them spelling and the rudiments of literature. Religious teaching was also introduced, and, as the schools grew and multiplied, became the staple of instruction. The children in Gloucester were at that time in a very degraded condition, and Mr. Raikes and his fellow helpers did much to elevate them. About 200 delegates have been appointed from this country, many of whom are specially identified with Sunday school work, although some of those who are delegated are only eminently respectable persons who happened to be going that way, and who do not in any particular sense represent any Sunday school interests in this country. It would be unfortunate if any of these good people, not being specially posted on Sunday school work, should be called on for speeches. Among the delegates are some of our best Sunday school men and women. There will be no lack of talkers and workers. Most of the delegates sailed last week, and the rest will go in a few days.